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Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 83)

CHAPTER V.

G. in Naples; falls among thieves.—Nelson and Lady Hamilton.—G. at Court.—Revisits Rome and Florence.—Milan; lives in clover there.—Zingarelli.—The Conservatorium.—La Scala and its orchestra; what the public listened to.—Genoa.

Among the distinguished persons whom Gyrowetz knew, was the English Ambassador, Lord Hamilton, to whom he was introduced by Hadrava. Hamilton received him very graciously, and invited him often to dinner and to his music parties. His house stood upon a slightly rising ground in the Strada Riaja, and by it was a pretty large open space belonging to it. As the police could not interfere with any person in the house or grounds of the English minister, there was always a company of rogues on this place, awaiting the termination of the criminal processes issued against them, or until by some other means their liberty was secured. Their friends and relatives brought them thither their "daily bread."

One evening as Gyrowetz was returning from the royal garden, he was stopped near Hamilton's house by a company of thieves, and robbed of every thing he had about him; the approach of a carriage saved him from further mishandling.

Another time, as he was resting on a seat on the Molo, of a beautiful summer evening, he suddenly felt a strong pull at his foot, and looked round just in season to see a thief making off at full speed with the large silver buckle which he had torn from Gyrowetz's shoe. There was no use in shouting or calling for help; the thief was off.

Thieving was then a highly flourishing business in Naples. One evening a lady, on stepping out of her coach at the theatre, had her rings torn from her ears; the thieves instantly hid themselves in the crowd; there they were safe, because it was the business of the *sbirri*—not of the people—to discover and catch malefactors. The thieves there were celebrated for their skill in stealing pocket handkerchiefs; but the owners could easily recover them, as they were all very soon exposed for sale, hung upon long strings in the square Largo di Castello, and parted with for a trifle. "In this square is always a great collection of the so-called *lazzaroni*, sitting on the ground, some playing cards, others amusing themselves with a screaming play (*la mora*)—all eating macaroni, cooked in large kettles and sold on the spot. For the most part these *lazzaroni* live in the streets, without a roof to their heads, and support life mainly by hanging about the inns, cleaning the clothes of guests, and ready for any small service; they are contented with little, eat their macaroni singing and joking thereby, as if they were the happiest creatures on earth!"

This was the time, when, says Gyrowetz, Lord Hamilton called over from England a young lady accompanied by her mother, to whom he furnished the best masters Naples could afford, in the languages, music, and all feminine accomplishments.

She very soon became one of the most accomplished, as she was already one of the most amiable of young women, and Hamilton finally married her and lived most happily with her. Some years later he died, and she became the wife of the celebrated English Admiral Nelson, with whom she sailed to Egypt and remained throughout the war on board the fleet. After the death of Nelson she returned to England, where she closed her life.—In which history good old Gyrowetz was sadly out!*

One bright spot in Gyrowetz's experience at Naples was his appearance at Court, which was upon this wise:—His friend Hadrava was a favorite with the King, to whom he gave lessons upon a then popular Neapolitan instrument called the *Lyra organizzata*, and through him Gyrowetz obtained an order to compose six serenades for that instrument. They were soon finished and pleased the king to such a degree, that he desired to see the composer, and to hear the symphonies, which it was well known he had written. So upon a day appointed a concert was arranged in the palace, called the Caserta, in which the symphonies were performed with a grand orchestra. Gyrowetz directed as first violin, and Paisiello, first Kapellmeister, sat at the piano-forte. Universal applause.

During a pause in the performance, the queen ordered the composer to be presented, there in the presence of all the company. (This queen must, I take it, have been the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and naturally took an interest in a rising young Austrian composer; just as her sister, Maria Antoinette, took part with and for Gluck, a few years earlier in Paris.) She asked a great variety of questions about his family, studies, and "on all sorts of topics," and so dismissed him to go on with the concert. "This extraordinary favor—the queen herself speaking with a young composer, and calling him to her in presence of all the company—threw all beholders into a state of astonishment and wonder; for no such grace had ever before been vouchsafed to an artist—that her majesty herself had spoken with him in such a concert, at which all the nobility of Naples was assembled, and not only this, but had carried on a conversation!"—This wondrous good

*This is not the place to correct the story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. But there is no harm in giving in a note a story (as well as I can recollect it) told me by Madam de F., one of the most accomplished and intellectual women whom I have known personally.

When Madam de F. was a young woman, she landed at Calais (or Boulogne?) with her father, and went to a hotel. Looking out of the window afterward, she saw a woman address her father, as he was crossing the court. He glanced at her face and threw up his hands, with an exclamation betokening the utmost astonishment. After some conversation, he took out his pocket book and made the woman a present. When he came in he told his daughter: "That was Lady Hamilton, and she is starving!"

fortune gained him the envy of some of his contemporaries—but after the concert he drove back to Naples and—lived on as before.

But not exactly. He became acquainted with a Swiss General Aufdermauer and his family—consisting of his wife and two daughters. The acquaintance ripened into friendship. The young man's talents made him a valuable addition to the musical parties at the house—and an affection, encouraged by the parents, which sprang up between him and Francisca, or Fanny, the younger daughter—an affection pure and noble—made the house to him a home, and gave him a period of singular happiness.

Fanny was taken ill with scarlet fever, and lay long between life and death. A very singular circumstance of her condition was, that as her mind became affected, she would take no medicine from the hand of any person but that of Gyrowetz or a young officer, who was also intimate in the family. Neither her parents nor her sister Isabella, would she have about—and the two young men actually performed the weary and wearing services of nurse, day and night, regardless of the danger of infection, hoping against hope that she might be saved.

But she died, and Gyrowetz had now but one wish—to get away from Naples. This could not be done immediately, for he had an order to compose a *Nocturno* for the king's *Lyra organizzata*, and again to direct his symphonies in the royal concert. These orders fulfilled, and with a present from the king of 200 onciae in gold (rather more than \$500, I take it to be), he finished up his affairs, and with plenty of letters of introduction, left Naples and went on to Rome, whence he had now been absent some two years. Visits, sight-seeing and the like, took up the short time he remained there. Boroni and Anfossi he found still alive, and full of interest in him and in his adventures in Naples. Then on to Florence, where he found the state of music greatly improved since his former visit, owing to the good influence of Nardini and several German piano-forte instructors who had made that city their home. From Florence he travelled to Milan, passing Bologna in the midst of the Carnival (1789), and remaining a day or two to witness the sports; through Parma and Lodi, where carnival processions of masques met him on the road and astonished him by their extravagances—the carnival lasting longer here, owing to the adoption of the Ambrosian ritual; and so on to Milan, where he remained several months.

Gyrowetz's reminiscences of Milan were very pleasant, as they well might be, considering the great kindness and attention which he met in all quarters.

His first visit was naturally to the Austrian Minister, Count Wilschek, who received him most kindly, and introduced him to his wife—a member of the noble family, Clary. He was invited to dine there the next day, and very often afterwards so long as he remained in the city. At that time, the nobility and rich people of Mi-

lan seemed to vie with each other in hospitality. Every letter of introduction brought him invitations to dine, and so he appeared at all the first tables in the city. He mentions in particular the Countess Anguisola, whose table was always set for thirty persons, and to which every stranger, who brought her proper letters of introduction, had a general invitation—he could come daily if he liked; and the oftener, the better was the Countess pleased. So in many houses offence was almost taken if the stranger did not come often, and he would be asked "if he was put out at any thing, or had not been treated with due attention?" and the like. Here poor Gyrowetz, instead of spending his last coppers for a bit of cheese and a bunch of grapes for dinner, as in Naples, was forced sometimes to eat two dinners, to keep on good terms with his entertainers.

The once so celebrated Zingarelli—whose air, "*Ombra adorata*," from "*Romeo and Juliet*," was such a favorite of E. T. W. Hoffmann, as well as of all the musical world—at this time some thirty years of age—was visited by Gyrowetz at the house of the Marchesa Litta, where he lived as a family friend. He was sitting at a small square piano-forte, composing, and clad in a large dressing-gown. He looked very feeble, and complained sadly of his ill health. He very seldom went out, and devoted his time exclusively to composition. [His "sickness was not unto death," for he lived until May 5, 1837, dying then at the age of 85].

Another acquaintance was the Chapelmaster Minoja, then director of the Conservatorium, an exceedingly polite, kind man, who showed his visitor the entire arrangement of the institution. Gyrowetz was taken into all the rooms, and many of the pupils were called upon to give proofs of their talents and acquirements. The one who made the deepest impression was a beautiful young girl, whose magnificent voice and already superb use of it gave the brightest hopes of her future on the stage, for which she was intended. The building is large and beautiful, and the boys' side is completely separated from that of the girls. The director and professors are paid by the State, and the latter have to pass a severe examination made by the director, who is to judge of their fitness for the position.

Six virtuosos on wind instruments from the Duke of Parma's orchestra were then in Milan giving concerts. The leader was Alexander Rolla, who was also the great viola player of his time, and became at a later period director of the La Scala orchestra. [Schilling's Lexicon is clearly in error in giving the date of his birth 1780. The notice of his death in the *Leip. Allg. Zeitung*, for Nov. 10, 1841, gives his age as 85 years and six months.]

In the Scala—a theatre of such extraordinary beauty and size, that "a stranger upon entering it has a sort of awe come over him," modulating into astonishment and wonder—the orchestra consisted of 80 members, each a virtuoso on his instrument. There were 9 contrabassists and six or eight (?) violoncellists. The middle parts in the orchestra had to be strengthened by the violoncelli, in order to bring out the proper harmonic effect, as otherwise these parts were overwhelmed by the other instruments. Here grand operas and ballets alone were given, and the very best talent engaged; but unluckily there was always such noise and confusion during the performance of opera, that little of the music could

be heard, and a real lover of the art could only be dissatisfied; except when an air or some other single piece happened to be a favorite, when there was peace and people listened; but this was no sooner ended than the racket began again. [Even to this day there is no inducement for a composer in writing for a theatre in Italy, to have an eye to the effect of his work as a whole—a few striking melodies and concerted pieces are all the public demands—they are all it will listen to.] It was different with the ballet; there the eye was engaged, and both the acting and the dancing commanded attention.

There were then three other theatres in the city for opera and drama:—the Teatro Rè; la Canobbiana and the Carcano; and a fourth in which the pieces were played by puppets.*

Music was very flourishing, especially that in the churches, which ordinarily was produced *alla capella*, but on festivals with full orchestra.

While in Milan, Gyrowetz composed very industriously, and produced several new quartets, which were published by subscription and, through the good offices of the Countess Wiltschek, with success sufficient to restore the young man's finances, and enable him to leave for Paris.

In Genoa Count Pallavicini received him most kindly, had his new quartets performed, and was so pleased with them as to arrange a private concert, by which their author gained 50 ducats.

CHAPTER VI.

Stormy passage to France.—Finds the Revolution; where's your cockade?—Marseilles; its theatres and music.—Lyons. —New Quartets "by one Gyrowetz."—Seen and greeted in the orchestra.—To Paris with rich hopes and lean purse.—Cross-questioned about politics.—How the great publisher receives him; money and orders.—His symphonies taken for Haydn's.—Revolution everywhere; chivalrous adventure.

From Genoa he sailed in a merchant vessel for Marseilles, and had a terrible time of it. Of the four vessels which sailed in company, one was taken by Tunis pirates, the others were nearly lost in storms. Gyrowetz was nearly killed by being thrown from side to side in his small cabin. The passengers finally all had to join at the ship's pumps—the provisions gave out—the captain cursed and swore—"the sailors and passengers screamed, howled, prayed to the holy Virgin, Saint Antony and all the saints for aid," and finally, toward the close of the second storm, a harbor was made behind the Hyeres Islands, somewhere near Toulon, and the passengers, leaving the ship and their luggage, were glad to hire asses and make their way thither as best they could. Gyrowetz had taken compassion upon a steerage passenger, whom the captain had treated with special spite. He had kept him from starving by dividing his own scanty food with him, and now was aiding him to reach Paris. The young man was a runaway son of a Hamburg merchant.

On crossing the boundary into France, Gyrowetz was surprised at being asked after his cockade, and still more, upon expressing his surprise, at being told that every one now coming into France must wear one, because on the 14th of July a Revolution had taken place. To which the German, who had never troubled himself with politics, asked: "What is that—this Revolution?" So the events of July 1789 were related to him, and he bought a cockade and fastened it to a button-hole.

* These puppet theatres were not uncommon at that period. For Prince Esterhazy's Haydn wrote a number of operas.

From Toulon he hired a carriage and went on to Marseilles, taking the young Hamburger with him. He had hoped to sell some of his compositions there, but everything was in confusion and nothing could be done. He was told, however, that in the Musical Society of that city symphonies by him had been played with applause, and that several of his compositions had been printed in Paris—a piece of news to Gyrowetz—having never heard of it in Italy, and not knowing how anything of his had reached Paris—he certainly had never sent music thither. This circumstance naturally made him eager to reach the capital; but he must await the arrival of his effects, still on shipboard. Meantime he tried in vain to find a situation for his young companion, and was forced to keep him with him, and employed himself in seeing the sights, and in observations upon the theatre and opera. He found a fine orchestra and a pretty good company. As a proof of the good sense of the audience, he mentions that one evening an actor, appearing improperly dressed, was fairly hissed off the stage, and forced to make himself respectable before coming on again to go on with his part;—speaks also of his delight and surprise at the universal silence and attention of the people during the performance, so much the reverse of his Italian experience, where the uproar always prevented anything like enjoyment. Music at that time stood high in Marseilles; there were many fine professors and dilettanti fond of performing good music, and keeping it up to a high standard in the churches. Singing boys added to the excellence of the performances with their high voices. There were good organists and violinists; the wind instruments, however, were rather inferior. The military music was poor, but at a later period this was improved by the example of German bands. At last the ship arrived, and Gyrowetz with "sack and pack," as the Germans say, and incumbered with his young Hamburger, was off for Lyons.

Through all this journey he heard French only from the cultivated classes, a provincial patois being the common speech.

Every village and town had its gallows, whereon many an aristocrat had been executed, who had been unable to escape the fanatical fury of the people. At every municipality the passport had to be examined before the traveller was allowed to proceed. Every evening he saw in the villages that he passed, the boys collected, singing revolutionary songs, dancing to a drum and fife, or jesting and mocking at the aristocracy. Passing Vaucluse, where the celebrated spring rushes fresh and cool from a rock into a huge basin, he heard a story of an Englishman, who was so delighted with the beauty and singularity of the spring, as to exclaim: "It must be the greatest pleasure in the world to die in this basin!" Seized with this idea, he went home to London, put his affairs in order, hurried back to Vaucluse, jumped into the basin and was drowned.

In Lyons, Gyrowetz found a place with a merchant for his companion—who expressed the deepest gratitude for the kindness showed him, promised to write to his benefactor—and that benefactor never heard of him afterwards.

Our traveller was pleased also in Lyons with the boys in the church choirs, and adds that (then) the schools for singing boys were kept up with great care, and the funds for this purpose wisely employed. Happening to pass a music shop, he entered, and made some general inqui-

ries as to the state of music, which the shopkeeper answered politely. He then asked if he could obtain any new music at his shop? After a few moments thought the other replied with vivacity: "Oh yes, some new quartets have just appeared in Paris, composed by a person named Gyrowetz, and have been so well received, that within a very short time several editions have had to be printed!"

Who can describe the feelings which such news aroused in the mind of the young composer! He however did not make himself known, but simply requested permission to look at a copy, which the other handed him. Gyrowetz took it and, trembling with joy, looked for the first time upon his work in print! But he never could discover who sold these quartets to Imbeault, who had honored them with a beautiful dress, both as to engraving and paper. Still without making himself known, he took the copy and going away by himself indulged his joy, and feasted upon the hope that now his success in Paris was secured. In the evening he went to the theatre, took a place in a box and listened to an operetta which was very well given. Between the acts a member of the orchestra, who had seen him in Vienna or Italy, recognized him and passed the word along, there is Gyrowetz! The entire orchestra rose and greeted him with apparent joy, and as soon as the performance was over, hastened to him with an invitation to go with them to the house of a great lover of music, where he would pass a delightful evening, and where the master of the house would rejoice to make his acquaintance. Gyrowetz accepted, and was as much pleased as the gentleman himself, when they recognized in each other the music-dealer and the customer of a few hours before. After some gentle reproofs for his modesty in not making himself known, he was treated to a fine supper; then music of his composition was played, and so passed the night in friendship and joy. This gentleman assured Gyrowetz that he would find Imbeault to be an honorable and generous publisher, who would take all his new compositions and pay him handsomely for them. This was pleasant prophecy to the composer, for his funds were so nearly exhausted, as hardly to be able to reach Paris. As to the prophecy in the end—we shall see.

And so with high hopes he journeyed on towards Paris. By and by he had to pawn his watch, but obtained enough to pay the diligence driver, and to go to Paris from Auxerre by boat on the Seine—but this was long before the days of steamboats. The boat was large and comfortable, had a billiard table and other means of amusement, and as it drew near Paris, became filled with passengers, many of them people of elegance and culture. But the few francs in Gyrowetz's purse rapidly disappeared, and he landed in Paris with six sous only in his pocket. Depending, however, upon Imbeault, he went into the first good inn, took a room, ordered a good supper, and waited for the arrival of his baggage, which he had not removed from the diligence when he took to the boat. In the public room he found several members of the National guard, who talked nothing but revolution and politics, and cross-examined the newly arrived stranger with great severity. He parried their attacks, succeeded in convincing them that he knew nothing about politics, and finally they parted very good friends. But with what thoughts

of the morrow did he retire for the night. Everything depended upon his reception at La pomme d'or, Rue St. Honoré, the music-shop of Monsieur Imbeault! At last the morning came, and the young man entered the shop in the Rue St. Honoré. There he found a finely dressed woman, busy at a table with day-books and ledgers, who coldly inquired what he wanted? To speak with M. Imbeault, was the answer. She cast a piercing look upon him, and noting his common travelling clothes—his trunks had not yet arrived—and that he looked "rather English" (which I will not try to translate), answered, that M. Imbeault was not at home. The other expressed his sorrow and disappointment, not to have met that gentleman, as it was very necessary for him to have some talk with him. "And who are you then," asked she, "that have so strong a desire to speak with M. Imbeault?" He replied, that he was a German musical composer, and his name Gyrowetz.

At this name she sprang up in evident joy, and quickly asked, if he was the same Gyrowetz who wrote the beautiful quartets, which were making such a sensation, and were so much liked?

Upon his saying that he was indeed the same, her face and voice instantly changed their expression, and she added in the utmost friendliness, that M. Imbeault would immediately appear and receive him with the highest consideration. She rang, and in a few moments Gyrowetz saw a tall, fine looking man, dressed in a white morning gown, coming down the stairs which led into the shop. The wife introduced the young man, and Imbeault received him with all the kindness he could wish, and invited him at once into his private room, where the first question was, whether he had brought any new compositions? Upon Gyrowetz answering that he had, Imbeault replied, that he would purchase them all, and pay higher than any other publisher in Paris. Of course the composer promised him every thing he had, but he must await the arrival of the mail coach with his baggage.

The publisher invited his guest to dinner, and, noting the condition of his clothes, remarked that a good and elegant dress was necessary in Paris, and that a good deal of money was also needed there, concluding by asking if he might not then, perhaps, be in want of funds? Gyrowetz answered frankly that he was. Imbeault went to a secretary, took out 600 francs and handed them to him, with the remark, that he paid him this sum on account, and that they would afterwards come to terms as to the rest.

The feelings may be left to the fancy of the reader, which swelled the breast of a young man, who had landed the evening before in a large strange capital with six small copper coins only in his pocket, in a time of revolution, with no friend or acquaintance, no dependence upon or hope in any other resource than his musical talents and an overruling providence.

His promise to bring his new music—symphonies and quartets—upon the arrival of his effects, was soon fulfilled. A day was appointed to try them. The first performers from the orchestra of the Grand Opera were invited to take part in the trial, and Gyrowetz saw delightedly with what zeal and pleasure these French artists labored to fully comprehend and adequately perform all that was put before them.

Two symphonies were played with the best

results and with great applause, and their composer placed the parts of a third (in G) upon the music stands. To his surprise the musicians began to cast glances of astonishment and almost of suspicion at him, and at length the question was put, if that symphony was really his composition? Upon his affirmative reply they asked him for the score, examined it throughout measure by measure, and finding all note for note as they expected; they began with one voice to congratulate him, and to inform him that this work was already in print, and a *pièce favorite* in all theatres and concerts, but was engraved under Joseph Haydn's name! Gyrowetz was naturally surprised, and asked how that could be? and who could venture to publish his works in Paris under a strange name? The reply was that it was a great compliment to him, to have his symphonies taken for Haydn's, and that Schlesinger was the publisher.

Upon application to Schlesinger, he learned that a violin virtuoso, named Tost, had brought these symphonies to Paris, and had sold them as being compositions of Haydn, under whose name they had therefore been engraved. Tost was that music-director in Esterhazy's service, who had led in the performance of the symphonies while in manuscript, and had secretly had them copied. Schlesinger promised to put Gyrowetz's name upon them, and did so, but down to Gyrowetz's death copies were still to be found bearing Haydn's name. The matter was settled as well as it could be, and another day appointed to try six new quartets. The composer was again delighted with the evident interest and zeal of the performers. They had their fun, too, on the occasion. A large snuff-box was placed on a table, and everyone who made a mistake had to take a pinch of snuff, bear the jokes of his fellows, and pay a small fine. The result was good, the applause fervent, and the quartets were immediately engraved.

Imbeault followed this purchase with an order for three new symphonies, which gave Gyrowetz work enough for his mornings. He took daily lessons in English also, from a man named Davis, who told one day, as he came to his lesson, that a master baker had just been hanged by the mob on a lantern, for baking bad bread and letting it grow mouldy in his cellar. Spite of the noise and confusion of the streets, Gyrowetz studied hard in his own room. But he could not escape the uproar; mobs ranged the streets shouting and yelling; at every corner a preacher of revolution harangued the folk, and talked liberty and equality; drums were always rolling, as every decision in the National Convention was thus proclaimed; and so it went on all the day long. His studies finished for the day, he dined in his room, then took a walk on the boulevards or Champs Elysées, and passed the evening in some theatre, where usually little but uproar could be heard, and where the performances ended with national songs, sung with unexampled enthusiasm, under the intoxication of which many a young man was enlisted and hurried off to the army.

Gyrowetz had finished the symphonies, and was making preparations to leave Paris for London, when the Fish Women's Revolution took place, (Oct. 6. 1789). He had the boldness to penetrate one of the female mobs in the endeavor to rescue two young girls, whom the women were compelling to join in the expedition to Versailles

to bring back the King and his family. With all the politeness in the world, he requested the women to excuse the poor girls, who were of the better class of society, and received for answer: "What was that to him?—he had better go on his way." He then argued the question, putting it upon the ground "that they were but children, could be of no use, and in fact would be a continual hindrance." Upon which, one of the women tore the cockade from his coat, and said she would divide it with him. He took it coolly as a joke, promised to purchase her a new cockade, and added all the flatteries he could think of. At length one took his part—another and another—and finally the two girls were given up to him, with the words: "*Eh bien! Prenez-les! Elles sont à vous!*" He waited upon them home, where they were received at the door by the porter with great respect. He only told them in answer to their question, who their preserver was, that he was a stranger, on the point of leaving Paris—and they parted forever.

(To be Continued.)

Phenomena of the Voice.

A highly interesting lecture, "On the influence of Musical and other sounds upon the vocal apparatus, as seen by the aid of the laryngoscope," was delivered before the Musical Society of London by Dr. George D. Gibb, on the 11th inst. The first published notice of the instrument was by Mr. Liston, the celebrated surgeon, in his work on surgery; but the first person who employed it to study the mechanism of the voice was Professor Garcia, whose researches were brought before the Royal Society, in 1855, and published in their Proceedings. His observations were founded upon the examination of his own larynx during the act of singing. Subsequently, in 1857, Dr. Turch of Vienna employed the instrument medically; he was followed by Czernak, Battaille, Merkel, and many others. The lecturer observed that sufficient credit had not been given to Garcia for what he had done, as his researches, although much extended, had not been surpassed, and had been palmed off as their own by some subsequent observers. His great knowledge of music has given to his experiments a value of the highest character, which cannot be too much appreciated. In 1860, Dr. Gibb commenced his researches with the instrument, both as an agent to study and to understand the hidden diseases of the larynx and wind-pipe, and the mechanism of sound, whether musical or otherwise. The results of his labors, together with those of Garcia and Battaille, were embodied in his lecture. The mechanism of the laryngoscope was illustrated by a number of reflecting and laryngeal mirrors, manufactured by Weiss and Son; their mode of application was shown whether in looking at the interior of the larynx downwards from the back of the throat, or in seeing the back of the nose from below upwards. The lecturer then proceeded to describe briefly the parts of the larynx seen on looking into it with the little mirror, and this was lucidly done by the aid of a series of large colored diagrams, representing the various cartilages, ligaments, muscles and membranes entering into its formation. At the bottom of the larynx (which is the prominent cartilaginous box felt in the upper part of the neck externally) is seen an antero-posterior fissure, extremely moveable, assuming at times a lozenge, elliptic, or triangular shape, of which the brilliant pearly borders palpitate with surprising rapidity.—This is the glottis formed by the true vocal ligaments, or, as they are now generally called, *vocal chords*. The action of these chords alone gives rise to sound, whether in speaking or singing. The three sets of ligaments attached to the pair of little pitcher shaped cartilages, called the *arytenoid*, the lecturer compared to three pairs of reins, in tandem driving, which acted almost simultaneously during certain acts, such as coughing and swallowing. The subject of his discourse was divided by Dr. Gibb into the silent movements of the larynx, or *non-phonetic*, and the *phonetic*, wherein sounds were produced whether in speaking or singing, either during inspiration or expiration. There are two manifestations possessed by the ordinary expiratory voice, which have been long known under the names of *chest* and *falsetto register*. The *head voice*, so well known to vocalists, Dr. Gibb was disposed to reject in his experiments, equally with Battaille, as opposed to anatomy and physiology.

Its range, laryngoscopically, so to speak, is shown by Garcia in his writings. A series of experiments were detailed illustrating the determination of the chest register. They consisted of the production of certain sounds of the diatonic scale, and the behavior of the glottis was carefully noticed and pointed out in the diagrams. The mechanism of the elevation and lowering of sound was next considered, and equally illustrated by extremely interesting experiments and diagrams. In the chest register, the vocal chords vibrate throughout their whole extent, namely, in their subglottic region, their ventricular region, and on their free border; longitudinal tension is generally stronger than in the falsetto register; and the vibrations become more rapid and ample in proportion as the sound becomes more acute; the reverse takes place when the sound becomes more grave—the opening of the glottis is rectilinear. Experiments were related, wherein the proceeding was taken advantage of to alternate the production of the same sound in the chest voice and falsetto voice, by means of an uninterrupted current of air, and to study the inherent glottic modifications of the falsetto register in general. The phenomena resulting from these experiments, as seen in the laryngeal mirror, were described, and are full of interest to the vocalist.—The results went to show that in the falsetto register, the vocal chords vibrate only on their free border and their ventricular region. The subglottic region, which plays such an important part in the chest register, here ceases to take any direct part in the generation of sound. Longitudinal tension is feebler than in the chest register, and the vibrations become less ample and more rapid according as the sound becomes more acute; but when more grave, the reverse takes place. The opening of the glottis is more or less elliptic, in accordance with the nature of voice and the size and density of the vocal chords themselves.

The lecturer noticed some other phenomena of the voice, including inspiration; which was very difficult to investigate, on account of the pain produced in its manifestation. It is only by the aid of the falsetto register that the inspiratory notes can be obtained, and the glottis is more open than in the expiratory sounds of this register. In the general summary of laryngoscopic observation, besides the phenomena peculiar to each register, it was shown that there were some common to both; thus, the generation of vocal sound never occurs without the vocal chords being stretched and vibrating wholly or in part. The closure of the glottis behind occurs up to certain tonal limits, and is indispensable to the brilliancy and elevation of sound. The *false* vocal chords take no part whatever in the generation of sound.

Professor Garcia had previously pointed out that the formation of sounds in either register was produced not from the actual vibrations of the whole or part of the vocal chords, but from the successive explosions which they allowed. Dr. Gibb said his lecture would have been incomplete without a few words upon the *formation of the voice*. The vocal chords at the bottom of the larynx exclusively give rise to the voice, whatever may be its register or intensity, because the laryngoscope has shown that they alone vibrate in that situation. To one of the Fellows of the Musical Society, Professor Garcia, we were indebted for what the lecturer considered as the true and correct explanation of the formation of the voice. It originated from the compression and expansion of the air, which gave rise to successive and regular explosions in passing through the glottis. The ligaments of the glottis or vocal chords close the passage, and offer a resistance to the passage of air. As soon as the air has accumulated sufficiently, it parts these folds and produces an explosion. But at the same instant, by virtue of their elasticity, and the pressure from below being relieved they meet again to give rise to a fresh explosion. A series of these compressions and expansions, or of explosions, occasioned by the expansive force of the air and the reaction of the glottis, produces the voice. The sounds ha! ha! ha! in laughing, offer a familiar illustration of rapid explosions occurring in succession, by the opening and closing of the glottis, and form a striking picture in the laryngeal mirror. The quality of the voice is now proved to depend upon simple changes in the mechanism of the larynx. The waves of sound generated by the larynx in the column of air contained in the trachea, produce in a word vibration of the chords. If they cannot be excited, then sounds are extinguished, and the result is what the lecturer saw instances of almost every other day, namely, *aphonia*, or loss of voice.

Such were the results obtained by the aid of the laryngoscope. They were but an instalment of what is promised by future observation and experiment in the hands of those members of the lyric art who would devote their energies to the task. From what has been described, Dr. Gibb remarked, it would be readily comprehended that the slightest deviation

from the healthy standard would materially affect intonation, more especially anything that influenced the *tension* of the vocal chords. Vocal tension, so to speak, must be uniform and equal on both sides, that is, both chords must be equally and simultaneously influenced by the little cartilages called the *arytenoid*, which govern and direct the three pairs of reins noticed in the early part of this lecture. Setting aside altogether the notice of any morbid phenomena affecting the voice, the lecturer requested permission merely to refer to the *cause* of the failure, partial or complete, of a portion of the notes of the diatonic scale—whether the middle, the higher or the lower, or the junction of either—as revealed by the laryngoscope. This, he said, would be found to depend chiefly upon inequality in the power of tension of the two vocal chords; that is to say, whilst one chord would become stretched to its required length during the utterance of the middle or higher notes, the other did not become so in an equal ratio—hence the parallelism and symmetry so essential to perfect harmony in singing became imperfect. Dr. Gibb claimed to himself the credit of being the first to point out this important fact. He then referred to the condition of the epiglottis, and denied that the *loosening* of this cartilage could be accomplished at the will of the singer, as was supposed by some. The reason of this was given, and measures to remedy it referred to.—In conclusion, Dr. Gibb stated, that without any pretensions at all as a vocalist, he had performed various experiments with the view of understanding the cause of defective voice; but the interest of the subject grew upon him, and induced him to go more fully into it. Some of the results of his labors he had ventured to bring before them. On concluding, the lecturer was loudly applauded. A discussion followed—in which Dr. Garcia, Mr. Salaman, Mr. Tracy Osborn, the chairman, Mr. Godfroi, and Dr. Richardson took part—the influence of the mental faculties in relation to the physical forming the main topic of the debate.—*Social Science Review*, April, 1863.

Mr. Beecher in Switzerland.

HIS OPINION OF THE FAMOUS ORGAN AT FREIBURG.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes from Freiburg to the *Independent*:

I have just returned from the church of St. Nicholas. The fame of its organ led me to make this a point of rest for the night. A little before eight o'clock we entered the church—Gothic, large and full of twilight. Several score came in, and silently waited as we did. One more and another still entered and seemed like shadows flitting past the huge columns. A bery of girls came lightly forward, clinging together, and, like a flock of doves that swing round and round before alighting, they moved to the right, only to swing back to the left, where soon, gently and prettily, they all settled upon the luxurious oaken board called a seat. The great front doors were closed. The inner iron open-worked gate shut with a dull clink. Then a signal bell for the organ rang, and was echoed by another below, plentifully rung. All were silent—waiting for the opening note.

I hoped to hear some 'Miserere' breathed out, or some soft supplication that would carry me up above life and day. Instead, a roll and a crash came from the full organ. Everything rushed forth with screaming exultation. If there flew into the roar a little snatch of melody, all the parts, like so many hawks, swooped down upon it, snatching it from each other, and mounting with it, or darting downward, so that the poor, sweet little melody wished it had never spread its wing. It was too late for regrets. They tore it to pieces, and nothing was heard of it more. Everything had gone wrong with me to-day. I was in a reaction. Yesterday I had gone over the Wengern Alp, stood face to face with Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger; seen the glaciers, and heard the avalanches; and come home to see the sun go down upon that cloudless Jungfrau in exquisite glory, to see the moon arise and change its gold to silver, and fill the air with an ineffable beauty. It was a day full of God and glory. I slept unasily. This morning I rose exhausted, and nothing all day long pleased me. And now the organ must turn against me, too, and shriek and roar and storm against me.

Yet after a while it seemed to have found a master that restrained it. Less and less harsh was it; sweeter stops began to predominate; the harmony was rounded and full; and at length a plaintive air was given and repeated—again given and echoed by this and that stop, until I could think of nothing else but a singing-school in heaven, where an angel was practising the little angels, and each of them was imitating, as well as he could, the sonorous sweetness of his master's theme. Then the angels, old and young,

all sang together. My heart sang too, and I was purely happy. So, then, I had a musical repetition of some of my Alpine experiences. It was just so that I had climbed those rugged passes, and been savagely treated by a storm that roared about us, and that followed us down the other side, until at length, the descent accomplished, an exquisite valley, sunlit, full of happy people, rejoiced my eyes—a thousand times more lovely from its contrast with the fierce tempest among the mountain tops.

Then came a sort of exhibition piece, in which the organ was made to show what it could do. I never like such things. An organ is the gravest and grandest thing in the world. It is a musical cathedral. Its service is religious. To set it to perform waltzes is as absurd as it would be to clear a cathedral for the dancing of waltzes.

It is putting an organ to mockery to lead it up and down in frivolous rope-dancing and musical legerdemain. What is more absurd than a herd of elephants dancing a minuet? What would be thought of a senate of venerable men who should down on their knees and play at children's games, leap-frog, mumble-the-peg, and such like sports.

The best thing to be said of the ponderous levity included in to-night's exhibition is, that it was less bad than usual on such occasions.

The famous *Vox Humana* stop disappointed me. Although very skillfully managed, as it needs to be, and in some few notes closely resembling the human voice, on the whole it was not close enough to satisfy, scarcely to please. It was always used after a dark and tempestuous passage. It sounded as if one were riding past a church in a storm, and heard rather nasal voices chanting therein. Once or twice it was brought out with an illusory sweetness.

Handel's Hallelujah Chorus satisfied me. It was magnificently rendered. The whole power of the instrument was developed. As the sublime conception was evolved, I lost all thought of time and place. The solid roof passed away; the organ itself was for a moment forgotten; the whole air was filled with glorious angels; they cried to each other with ecstatic joy, and answered back as joyfully. New bands broke in. Sweeping upward as into thicker hosts, and carrying the fiery contagion of rapture, the whole universe seemed in motion of boundless joy. Then thou, too, O my soul! didst join the celestial host! Not with sound or articulation, but with worshipful thoughts and sacred joys; unspeakable and full of glory! Then there was lifted up before my inward sight a majesty of love, as far surpassing men and angels, as yesterday the snow mountains, in radiant sunlight, had seemed more grand and glorious than the daisies and harebells that grew at their feet! I am sure that music is the key that opens heaven.—Not Peter, but Handel to-night. The surging sounds died away, and silence itself seemed melodious for a little while.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The 17th season at Covent Garden was ended on Saturday evening, Aug. 1, by a performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by a ballet. Adelina Patti achieved a new success, and not less brilliant than the former ones, as *la Figlia*; thus "completing the triad of Donizetti's comic masterpieces": in the three rôles of Norina, Adina and Maria. For an interesting, and no doubt a faithful, summary of the season, we copy from the *Times*, "which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head", namely the musical criticism of our friend Davison.

The season of 1863—which will be remembered on account of the first "State visit" of the Prince and Princess of Wales (April 28th—the opera, *Masaniello*)—has not been marked by an extraordinary number of startling incidents. The prospectus spoke of no less than nine new singers. Three of these—Mdlle. Maurensi, Madame de Maffei, and Signor Ferenesi—made no appearance. In revenge we had a barytone whose name was not included in the list. Signor Colonnesse—who came forward as the elder Germont, in *La Traviata*—was accredited with a fine voice, but not with the faculty of singing in tune, nor, indeed, with even the most moderate skill in using it. No other part was allotted to him and his very name was speedily forgotten. Mdlle. Elvira Demi only played once. The opera selected for her debut was *Martha*, her performance in which, as the Lady Enrichetta (*Martha*, No. 1) was voted beneath

mediocrity; and it was only through a great stretch of courtesy on the part of the audience—wrought up, moreover, into an unusually indulgent mood by the fine singing of Signor Mario—that Mdlle. Demi was allowed to proceed beyond the second act. Scarcely more fortunate was Signor Caffieri, who, nevertheless, came from Wiesbaden with the reputation of the best representative of Gonnod's *Faust* on the banks of the Rhine. A German by birth, Signor Caffieri had passed the ordeal of some of the most musical of the Italian cities; but he failed to win the good graces of the Royal Italian Opera audience so entirely that the manager intrusted him with no second part, and even restored that with which he had made his debut—Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*—to its old and rightful owner, Signor Tamberlik. Thus Signor Caffieri went the way of Signor Colonnesse and Mdlle. Demi, and his name was no more mentioned. Signor Naudin (already somewhat favorably known at Her Majesty's Theatre) was far more successful, and proved a hopeful auxiliary in the business of the season. He came out the first night (April 7) as *Masaniello*, and, in spite of a certain French tendency to overdrawn sentiment, which, combined with his French patronymic, caused many to doubt the fact of his being an Italian, produced a decidedly favorable impression—an impression by no means disturbed or weakened by his subsequent performances, in Pollio (*Norma*), the Duke of Mantua (*Rigoletto*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*), and Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*). In the last two named characters Signor Naudin had the unthankful task of acting as a substitute for that universal favorite, Signor Mario, who, though advertised for both, with the caprice which is too often the attribute of "universal favorites," found himself at the eleventh hour "indisposed"—indisposed to aid Mr. Gye in keeping faith with the public. Signor Mario may be here advised that his refusal this season to play no less than three parts set down for him by the director is by no means viewed with indifference by the patrons of an establishment to which, whatever it may owe to his services, he himself is still more deeply indebted. The operas of *La Traviata*, *Don Pasquale*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* suffered materially by the withdrawal, at the last moment, of Signor Mario's name from the bills. Nor has it been satisfactorily explained why he resigned the part of the Duke, in *Rigoletto*, in which he is incomparable; or why the attractions of *La Gazza Ladra* should not have been strengthened by his co-operation, in a part so eminently suited to him as that of the young soldier, Gnanetto—a part which Rubini frequently played, and which, at one period, was not disdained by Signor Mario. Though we should be loath to see any one else in the character of Raoul de Nangis, it is not the less a fact, very generally recognized, that the music of the *Huguenots* is now, in many places, too great a strain upon his voice, and the only way Signor Mario can atone for this is by lending his powerful aid in some of the more popular Italian operas, which, as eminently the chief of Italian singers, he could do with no less dignity to himself than advantage to the manager. It is hard, indeed, that Mr. Gye should be repeatedly and severely blamed for what is not in any way his fault, but the fault of Signor Mario—"enfant gâté," in the widest acceptance of the phrase. No longer to digress, however, the other two new singers who answered to their names were pre-eminently happy.

Mdlle. Fioretti—who came out as Elvira (*I Puritani*), and afterwards appeared as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), Violetta (*La Traviata*), and Martha (*Martha* No. 2), till, being announced for Isabella in *Robert le Diable*, she mysteriously disappeared, to the chagrin of a large number of amateurs, who had hailed her as little else than a second Persiani—was appreciated from the first, and obtained, perhaps, as legitimate acceptance as any singer since Angiolina Bosio. Without any personal attractions, and scarcely passing mediocrity as an actress, Mdlle. Fioretti made way exclusively perforce of distinguished vocal attainments. Her sudden departure, the cause of which has never been publicly explained, was a sensible loss to the company. Good singers in the genuine Italian school are now, unhappily, rare; and Mdlle. Fioretti could, therefore, ill be spared. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca—whose brilliant success as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, is of so recent occurrence that little more need be said of her in this place—is an artist of a wholly different stamp, possesses qualities in which Mdlle. Fioretti was deficient, and lacking others with which Mdlle. Fioretti was eminently endowed. In this young lady Mr. Gye has, there is every reason to believe, drawn a new prize; and her progress next season will be followed by all who take an interest in the opera with earnest and watchful interest. Mdlle. Fioretti has fled, and Mdlle. Adelina Patti, with all her versatility, cannot possibly undertake every part in the repertory; Mdlle. Lucca—if she equals anticipation, as there is little reason

to doubt she will—has, therefore, a career before her which may be advantageous in an equal measure to herself and to the theatre. Thus much to the new comers.

The exertions of Mdlle. Adelina Patti have been unremitting; and it is no more than truth to say that she was the "star" of the season. Mdlle. Patti has added four new parts to her already brilliant catalogue—viz., Leonora in the *Trovatore*, Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Adina in *L'Elisir*, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*—every one a real success. In addition to these, she has appeared, oftener than we have leisure to enumerate, as Amina, Rosina, Martha (*Martha* No. 3), Adina (*Don Pasquale*) and Zerlina. A second and very different, though in its way not less charming Zerlina—the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*—was set down for Mdlle. Patti in, the prospectus; but, unhappily, Signor Mario, who was to have played the irresistible brigand chief, was—not "indisposed," this time, but, which amounts to much the same thing, "unprepared."

Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci—a clever young lady, but hardly fitted to shine as "*prima donna seria assoluta*" in such an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera—can neither be said to have advanced or retrograded in public favor. Her Norma was tolerable, if no more; her Alice, if not all that can be desired, better in every respect. Norma is a terrible ordeal for any artist of less than the highest attainments, while the "Diva" is not only in the land of the living, but hovering about the theatre—to which, and to its patrons, she has twice bid a formal "adieu" with an irresistible desire (as it is bruted abroad) to say "good-bye" once more, in a third "limited" series of representations; and assuredly Mdlle. Fricci is not the one to make us quickly forget Giulia Grisi, who, but the other day, in St. James's Hall, sang so well and awakened such enthusiasm, at the concert of Signor Ciabatta. Madame Miolan Carvalho has only appeared in one character—the heroine of M. Gonnod's *Faust*, here newly-baptized *Faust e Margherita*; Mdlle. Maria Battu has given more or less satisfaction in such parts as Elvira (*Masaniello*), Matilde (*Guillaume Tell*) and Margaret de Valois (*the Huguenots*); while Madame Nantier Didici (in whose place a Madame Lustani has more than once officiated) as Maddalena (*Rigoletto*), Pippo (*La Gazza Ladra*); Nancy (*Martha*), Urbain (*the Huguenots*), &c., fully sustained her popularity as the liveliest of singing *soubrettes* and the sauciest of singing pages—added to which she has repeated her well-known assumption of Azucena, and (in consequence, we presume, of the protracted absence of Madame Csillag), with laudable ambition, appropriated to herself the distressed mother in the *Prophète*—one of the grandest creations of Meyerbeer. Madame Tagliafico has been diligent and useful, as of yore, in the various little parts assigned to her; Mdlle. Dottini, besides playing the Queen in *I Puritani*, Adalgisa in *Norma*, and Bertha in the *Prophète*, has usurped the part of Gemmy in *Guillaume Tell*, (successively assumed by Mdlle. Amalia Corbari and Madame Rudersdorff); and Madame Rudersdorff has almost, if not quite exclusively, been condemned to recount the griefs and endure the rebuffs of the unfortunate Elvira, Don Giovanni's cast-off mistress.

Signor Ronconi, of whom severe illness deprived us last year, brought to light again some of the most inimitable impersonations of the operatic stage—among the rest his Figaro (*Barbier*); his Dulcamara; his Rigoletto; his Podestà (*La Gazza Ladra*); and, last and least (in importance if not in excellence) his Masetto. To these he has added Dr. Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*), which may be described in a sentence as the best we have ever seen. Signor Ronconi, it is true, sings often out of tune—a habit that would seem ineradicable; but, notwithstanding this defect—which, to any other singer, would be fatal—he is, we repeat, inimitable, and invariably wins the sympathies of his audience—except, of course, in such parts as Giorgio (*I Puritani*), which are wholly unsuited to him, and for which he should never, under any circumstances, be cast. When Signor Ronconi is gone, who shall replace him? Certainly not Signor Ciampi—his hard-working but by no means satisfactory substitute in more than one character last season—whose diligence can scarcely make up for a prevailing dryness, which, this year, for instance, was but poor atonement for the entire want of humor in his Dr. Bartolo, Don Pasquale, Sulpizio, and other characters; not Signor Graziani, who, despite his beautiful voice, has no dramatic talent, either serious or comic; and not M. Faure, who, though a barytone, is unsuited to any of the parts traditionally allotted to Signor Ronconi. Signor Graziani has done very little this season; for, though he was the Valentine in *Faust*, his principal exploits (as for years past indeed) have been the Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore*, whose *cavatina*, "Il balen del suo sorriso," no one else has ever sung, or is likely to sing, so well,

and Plunkett (*Martha*)), with the redoubtable song in praise of "Beer." M. Faure, on the contrary, has been unremittingly active, and rendered most important services to the management. It is enough to point to this very clever artist's repeated impersonations of Guillaume Tell, Don Giovanni, Ferdinand (*La Gazza Ladra*), Pietro (*Masaniello*), St. Bris (*the Huguenots*), and last—perhaps best—Mephistopheles, to remind our musical readers of the value of his co-operation. M. Faure's compatriot, M. Obin, from the Grand Opera in Paris (who by the way, should have been noticed among the new comers), only appeared twice—as Bertram, in *Robert le Diable*; and then, like Mdle. Fioretti, vanished without a warning. M. Obin's departure, however, was, we believe, inevitable, his assistance in the revival of Signor Verdi's *Vépres Siciliennes* being required by the manager of the Paris Opera, and his engagement with M. Gye merely, as we are informed, provisional. Signor Tagliafico has been, as ever, invaluable in the varied repertory of quasi-subordinate parts that fall within his sphere—such, for example, as Rodolfo (*La Sonnambula*), Basilio (*Il Barbiere*), Gessler (*Guillaume Tell*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Lord Tristan (*Martha*), Count Oberthal (*the Prophète*), and Belcore (*L'Elisir*)—not forgetting his unequalled Commandatore, in the dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart. Herr Formes has appeared from time to time, and though his great part of Bertram, in *Robert*, was given to M. Obin, took a fair revenge subsequently when it was restored to him, and a still fairer as the Huguenot, Marcel, of which personage he is still the most characteristic representative. Moreover, Herr Formes was of no little importance to the frequent performances of *Don Giovanni*, in which opera he presented us, as formerly, with the veritable Leporello of German tendencies and traditions. The careful and painstaking M. Zelger was announced for Oroveso and other parts, in the early season; but indisposition deprived the public of his subsequent services. Signor Tamberlik, whose splendid singing as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, whose "Il mio tesoro," the grand feature of his Ottavio, and whose superb declamation as Jean de Leyden, in the *Prophète*, and as Robert, in *Robert le Diable*, were never more admired, only obtained one new part—that of Faust in M. Gounod's singularly successful opera, a part not favorable to the exhibition of those fine qualities which, in the characters we have mentioned, in Otello, and several others unnecessary to specify, he displays with such remarkable effect. To Signor Mario allusion has been made; but it is only just to add that his incomparable performance of Count Almaviva, which warranted frequent representations of the never-tiring *Barbiere*: the impassioned feeling he threw into the music of Manrico, on the night when Mdle. Patti made her memorable appearance as the Leonora of Signor Verdi's most popular opera; his exquisite singing in the trio, "Buona notte," the air "M'appari tutti' amor," and other passages allotted to Lionello, the sentimental farmer, in *Martha*; and, lastly, his picturesque and noble acting as Raoul de Nangis would have covered a multitude of sins. Another very zealous and painstaking artist, Signor Neri Baraldi, who—though over-weighted in such parts as Arturo, in the *Puritani*, and Elvino, in the *Sonnambula*, for which a Rubini is wanted, or, in the absence of a Rubini, one, like Signor Mario, who could act as well as Rubini could sing, and though, once or twice, as the case was with Signor Naudin, put forward unexpectedly where Signor Mario was expected—has been extremely useful, on more than one occasion, in characters to which he may reasonably aspire. The unimportant tasks assigned from time to time to Madame Anese, Signors Lucchesi, Rossi, Polonini, Capponi, &c., were, in almost every instance, competently fulfilled.

Besides the operas incidentally alluded to in the course of the foregoing remarks—19 in all—viz., *Masaniello*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, *The Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Robert le Diable*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Pasquale*, *The Huguenots*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* (produced in the order here assigned to them), no others were brought out. The novelties were confined to three—viz., *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which had not been heard for seven years, *Faust e Margherita* and *La Figlia*, neither of which had been previously given at Covent Garden. *Faust e Margherita* not having been announced in the prospectus, may be accepted as a fair substitute for *L'Elisir du Nord*; but for Gluck's *Orfeo*, Anber's *Fra Diavolo*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and, most important, Verdi's last opera, *La Forza del Destino*—all of which (as well as Rossini's *Otello*) were in the prospectus—no substitutes were offered.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1863.

Hayter's Church Music.

A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Services, Anthems, &c., by A. U. HAYTER, Organist at Trinity Church, Boston, and formerly at Hereford Cathedral, England. (Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston).

The manufacture and diffusion of new collections of church music still goes on as busily among us, as in the halcyon days of peace. Only we notice a change in the form and fashion, if not in the nature of the products. Instead of endless repetition of the old type of books full of mere "psalm tunes," degenerating as they multiply, at each remove from the plain, earnest, heartfelt, grand old Choral, and losing character to gain seeming novelty, we now see more ambitious efforts to supply larger and less simple pieces; books containing a greater proportion of Anthems, Glorias, Te Deums, and all sorts of practicable extracts from famous Masses, Oratorios, Motets, &c., to the still indispensable but homely assortment of Long, Short, Common and Particular;—thus plainly recognizing a somewhat advanced stage of musical taste and culture in the people, or at any rate a craving, whether wise or ignorant, for something juicier than the old husks.

Of the new "Collections," which have made their appearance during the last year or two, a majority seem to have been made in the interest of the Roman Catholic or of the English Episcopal service. Puritan Psalm singing yields up a large share of the market; Mass and Te Deum, Offertory and Anthem, come more into vogue, and more and more find purchasers and even performers in congregations, that know no established Liturgy. Some of these we propose from time to time to examine, and report thereon as well as we are able; but it is by no means an easy or a thankful task; for we are bound at the outset to confess, as we have many times already intimated, that we have never yet seen the musical "collection," or known the musical service (at least in this country—for perhaps we might except the Domchor in Berlin), which seemed to us, in all respects, to answer the essential requirements.

We begin with the last work out, as being the one which seems likely, from the name it bears, the place it hails from, and the way in which it has grown together, to excite a wide-spread interest, at least in this vicinity. Trinity Church, in this city, has long enjoyed a reputation for the superiority of its music, due, it is understood, to the taste, musicianship, and zeal of Mr. Hayter, who, for some twenty-five years, has been its organist and conductor; a man of thorough English cathedral training, and justly accounted among the ablest and best furnished who have settled in this country. He gives us here, in a large oblong quarto volume of 160 pages, the more valuable substance, we may suppose, of the music which has grown into use during that time at Trinity, selected, arranged, composed by himself, and executed by a quartet or double quartet choir under his own immediate direction;—the music, in a word, which has been favorite at Trinity, and an attraction to outsiders, for so many years. Let us see what it consists of, and what are its pervading characteristics.

The first impression we get, after running

through the volume, is, that the author has been sensitively desirous to avoid the commonplace sameness of the usual church music—usual here, we mean, in our American Protestant churches and congregations. We see it in the large room he allots to anthems and longer pieces; we see it also, in the frequency with which he borrows the subjects even for his psalm and hymn tunes, from beautiful passages in classical works of quite another kind, as operas, oratorios, sonatas, quartets and trios for stringed instruments, &c. To speak first of the latter:

1. We have here nearly a hundred tunes, in all the usual metres of the hymn books. A good sign, to begin with, is the modest number; your regular Yankee "psalm-smiter" has been wont to offer you three, four, five hundred tunes (mostly brand new) in one book, embodying the sweating inspirations of a single year. We, for our part, would rather have twenty plain old Lutheran chorals, even if sung in unison, with aid of a true organist—and infinitely rather if harmonized by Bach), than the whole of them; but it is cause for thankfulness to see them reduced to a hundred—and a short hundred at that. Now as to the selection, origin, and treatment.

About a third part of them are in plain old Choral form, in long notes, harmonized. Care seems to have been taken even here, not to include those which are found in every other New England book, such as Old Hundred and the like. But the most of them are old tunes; commonly old English tunes, with a small sprinkling of German chorals. The name of Bach occurs but once, and that in an instance which does not sound to us so peculiarly Bach-ian as some others might. One is attributed to Graun, which is in fact that sweetest and tenderest of the old German chorals: "*Herzlich thut mich verlangen*"; whether Graun might not have harmonized it as it here stands, we cannot say; certainly the harmony has not half the charm of either of Bach's half dozen arrangements of the same melody. One bears the noble name of Palestrina, and bears the stamp of genuine authenticity in its broad churchlike harmony:—we wish the book had a few more of these. The tunes attributed to old English writers have the usual grave and solid style of such, which to our feeling, after all, is rather style than character, rather careful and respectful deportment than genius. But at all events there is no nonsense in them, no sentimental affectation. Others of this class, bearing no author's name, are good, some dry and frigid. The harmony (whoever may be responsible for it), is generally faultless, but now and then extremely hard and forced, as if thus again striving not to identify itself with the impoverished sameness of modulation, progression and cadence in the common psalm books. So much of the hymn tunes proper.

It is in the adaptations, above referred to, from classical masters, that we find the chief, at least the characteristic wealth of this collection. This is a tempting, and at the same time a dangerous resource, it must be admitted; because, to say nothing of the propriety of taking a piece of music away from its connection and original intention, to try to fit it to a wholly different purpose, it is evident that only in very rare and exceptional instances can a passage from a symphony, a quartet, or an opera, submit itself to the Procrustes bed of the short, rigid, psalm tune form, without

terrible amputation, involving too some finishing off of the mangled parts with very bungling and very wooden false limbs. The original idea, so whole, so captivating, has to be rounded and shortened off to a sudden common-place psalm tune cadence, whereby its very life is lost, and all its charm has fled. We believe it was Gardiner, the "Music of Nature" man, who first set the example of this sort of borrowing and adapting; and out of his collection came the best of those reminiscences of Handel, Mozart, &c., which, transferred to the earlier editions of our "Handel and Haydn Collection," really did some service in quickening a finer sense in many who before had known nothing but the most poor and meagre side of music; indeed those tunes ("Bradford," "Viotti," "Germany," &c., they were called) gave to many Americans their first conception of the great composers, and their first desire to know them better. So much must be admitted, and yet how soon, how naturally, this thing was overdone, run into the ground, tickling the foolish, untaught ear with all manner of absurdities. Not content with chopping up Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn into their Long and Short Metre mince-meat, the enterprising "psalm-smitters," with a shrewd eye to a wider market, seized upon less noble but more appetizing game, and made the fashionable operas and ballads of the day supply grist to their mill, as well as to the street organ grinders. We give Mr. Hayter credit for being much more tasteful and select in his borrowings from genius. In not a few instances he has been exceedingly happy in his choice (if sometimes less so in his adaptation) of a theme. Three tunes he has carved from Gluck:—one the well-known air: *Che farò senza Euridice?* the others, from choruses of priests in his operas, being already truly religious and noble in their character. From Beethoven he has taken the solemn air, "*In questa tomba*"; the great tenor air in *Fidelio*; both impressive subjects, but requiring to be harmonized, abridged, &c. Also two very noble ones, which lend themselves more readily to the purpose, namely: the opening of that rich, broad, profoundly religious adagio of the great B flat Trio; and the opening of the lovely slow movement in one of his concertos. Mendelssohn supplies an impressive passage from "Elijah," and another from a part-song. Mozart, the mere theme of a *Dona Nobis*; a movement in three-four, which may be the trio of some minuetto in a chamber composition; and another piece, into which Mr. Hayter interpolates a second part before the return of the theme. Handel is brought under contribution only once, that we have seen, and then in not one of his more hack-nied forms. Haydn also only once in his own right, and once as the completion, suddenly surprising you, of a tune begun by Hayter, and marked "Haydn and Hayter;" this seems really too much like a joke for a church hymn. Weber occurs two or three times, once in the lullaby chorus of his Oberon elves,—a sweet and tranquillizing piece; but how can you hear it without thinking of the twittering orchestral accompaniments! From Rossini, we have not a bad tune made from that beautiful, and truly religious wedding chorus, in the first act of "William Tell." Enough to mention these, though not the only names. We find also the Russian Hymn, and the so-called Portuguese Hymn, or *Adeste fideles*, both good in their way.

The tunes by Mr. Hayter himself, not more than six or eight in number, are smooth, melodious, well harmonized compositions, inclining rather to sweetness (somewhat Spohr-like) and sometimes to a sentimental pathos, than to the more grand and elevated church style. They are fair specimens of the modern English tendency in sacred composition, of which Vincent Novello has been one of the most influential models.

Of the longer pieces in this volume we must take a fresh opportunity to speak; the present one is spent.

ARTISTS AT HOME. Such a rich feast—surfeit we cannot say—of music, as we had the other evening at the house of one of our best resident musicians; such a musical orgy almost, considering not only the quantity, but the exciting quality, and appetite still growing with what it fed upon, comes not many times, and should not come too often, in a life-time, even of enthusiastic devotees to Beethoven and all the great ones. Think of this programme for a single evening! Too rich it might have been, and heavy, had it not been extemporized, each piece coming when the party were in the humor of it. 1. An early Trio (C minor) of Beethoven, for piano, violin and 'cello. 2. The D minor Trio of Mendelssohn. 3. A brilliant, difficult Fantasia by Chopin. 4. The cyclus of songs, called *Dichterliebe*, by Schumann, sung as only one tenor in this country sings them. 5. A violin Sonata by the old Italian master, Arcangelo Corelli, in which you find the very cut of Handel. 5. A charming violin movement by Tartini. 7. A violin and piano Sonata by Bach, and a part of another. 8. The "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven. 9. A triad of Franz songs, sung by you know whom. 10. The great B flat Trio of Beethoven. 11. Sonata in D by Mozart, piano and violin;—and we are not sure but that our memory fails us of some more. The pianist of the evening, and an admirable one, was Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN, of Philadelphia, whose first visit (private) to this city was the occasion of the little gathering.

MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE. By a notice in our advertising columns it will be seen that this school, long favorably known under the management of Mr. E. B. OLIVER, has been removed from Pittsfield, Mass. to Boston. We have often had occasion to allude to the high-toned and earnest character of Mr. Oliver's teaching, to the pains he has taken to inspire his pupils with an intelligent love of what is really good in music, and to the classical complexion of the programmes of his school exhibitions. The Institute has educated, since its commencement, nearly 200 pupils, about 40 of whom are now successfully engaged in teaching, and leading young tastes in a classical direction.

GERMAN OPERA. There is good news from Herr ANSCHUTZ. If all we hear be true, the interest in German Opera will not be wasted upon several efforts, but all concentrated in one, and that a strong one. Thirteen or fourteen new members are to join the Anschütz company from Europe; among them Mme. Dora Laszlo, a Hungarian singer of repute; Theodor Formes, the Berlin tenor; Dall' Aste, one of the best German basses in Europe, and others of good report. Mme. Johannsen, Herren Weinlich, Lotti, &c., will still make part of it. The performances will commence at the New York Academy in December; and the company will visit Philadelphia and Boston once, and perhaps twice, during the coming year.

A LARGE ORGAN IN UTAH.—A large organ, one of the largest in this country, has recently been built by Simmons & Co., to be placed in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, which is a building large enough to seat 15,000 people. The case of the organ and the large diapasons, are to be made in the temple, and a skilful workman has started for this purpose to Salt Lake City.

Musical Correspondence.

NEWPORT, R. I., AUG. 28.—We had a few days since a rare musical treat at the Matinée of Mr. HARTMANN, at the Ocean Hall of this place. Although our expectations had been excited to a high point, by the notices of his performances in Philadelphia and New York, during the past winter, we were nevertheless quite surprised at his masterly execution. Mr. Hartmann is a pupil of the celebrated pianist Theodore Kullak, of Berlin. On this occa-

sion he gave us the "March from *Tannhäuser*," and the "Campanella" by Paganini, both arranged by Liszt; a *Nocturne* and a *Polonaise* by Chopin, and "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," arranged by Heller. They were all played with the feeling and individuality that belong to them in their various styles of composition.

What distinguishes Mr. Hartmann from most of the performers that we have been accustomed to hear is, the combination of qualities that seem almost irreconcilable in the same person. Thus his playing is grand, forcible and broad, while at the same time every note has the freshness and distinctness of the dew-drop. It is superbly colored with feeling, and at the same time it is entirely devoid of sentimentality. There is the freshness and sweetness of the ripe and luscious fruit, and not the sickish and cloying taste of unhealthy confectionery. Of Chopin he is one of the best interpreters, and at the same time he is equally at home in the graceful and musical witchery of the "Campanella."

To all true lovers of music present the entertainment gave the greatest delight; and, although it was not a large success in a pecuniary way, the good seed was well sown, and will we doubt not, bring forth good fruit to this manly and health-giving artist, as well as to those who listened to him. Mr. Hartmann was assisted in an able manner by Mr. Charles Hahn, a violinist of much promise, and Mr. Wilson, a young pianist of this city. We hope that you will have the pleasure ere long of hearing him in Boston.

"Those Evening Bells."

LOUVAIN, BELGIUM, JULY 11.—In a little town of interior Belgium, among broad-built Flemings and jolly Walloons, (don't print it Balloons), hardly knowing whether Boston and Portland are in the hands of the Confederates yet, or whether Dwight's Journal has not by this time nominated Howell Cobb for the next President, I sit sipping Baisische Beer, from a quaint mug, on a quaint chair, in a quaint street, opposite that bit of fairy architecture, the Hotel de Ville of Louvain. Every body is in the streets drinking beer, or waiting till attendant damsels bring fresh bottles thereof, said bottles being in fact stone jugs, containing each three or four glasses full, and costing ten centimes or two cents per jug, which includes the privilege of a chair and table on the sidewalk for an indefinite period of time.

The little café where I sit and sip myself away, and where my willing soul would stay, is built against the side of the Louvain Cathedral, an edifice as ugly as sin outside, but within as beautiful as the Angel of Goodness. The floor of polished marble reflects the forms of sculptured saints, upon whose heads the painted windows fling rich halos of gorgeous light, while from the roof of the choir is suspended a colossal crucifix, at the foot of which are kneeling angels. A triple arch of lace-work marble crosses the church by the transepts, separating the choir or east end from the nave. Old pictures by Van Dyck and Hemling adorn the walls, and from the ceiling depends a chandelier made by Quentin Matsys who, as everybody knows, changed to an indifferent painter from an artistic and excellent blacksmith, or designer of works in iron, merely to suit the whim of a purse-proud mamma-in-law. It is twilight, and the Cathedral is a very shrine of quiet art and religious beauty.

Outside, whither we go and begin to imbibe beer instead of beauty, there is a new phase of wondrous architecture in the Hotel de Ville, a structure built a few years—it don't make any difference whether it is fifty more or less—built, I say, a few years before the discovery of America, and small as it is, possessing more real architectural beauty, than all the American buildings existing, even were their united merits condensed into one representative edifice.

Then as it grows darker, there is a rich clang from the belfry, and the chimes tell the quarter hour in music, like the sweep of a skilful hand over the chords of a responsive harp.

We know precious little about chimes in America. To be sure, they have a set of bells in Trinity spire, New York, but no one ever hears them at the proper time for hearing chimes—that is, after dark. Then they do not sound every day, but are reserved for holidays and festivals, when Mr. Ayliffe plays a few patriotic airs, to which nobody listens, and which are quite drowned by the omnibuses of Broadway and Wall street. Far different is it in these quiet Belgian towns. Here every quarter of an hour, and in some cases every five minutes, the chimes sound. Every year they are set to fresh tunes selected by the municipality, and programmes of the music thus played, for a century back, are kept in the church archives. The taste, it must be confessed, is dubious. For instance, the bells which sound divine from Louvain Cathedral at the quarter and half hours, perform, when the hour strikes, the last page of that ugly yet popular dance "The Lancers," the "hands all round" movement, and yet the silly music is so transfigured by the bells, that it actually sounds pretty.

Let me babble about a few of the chimes I have lately heard. There is Lichfield Cathedral in England, a noble, proud building with its three spires and rich ornamental front. They are completely restoring it, and one gentleman has presented an organ that is worth about one quarter as much as the altar screen, and by no means equal to many in the Boston and New York churches; for in respect of church organs, we are certainly ahead of England. By the way, speaking of organs, reminds me of the only tribute I have yet seen paid to the memory of an organist. In Newcastle upon Tyne there is an old church—the principal one in the place—built any number of centuries ago, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. Over the altar is a magnificent window erected only three or four years since, by public subscription, to one, M. Ions, who had been some twenty years organist of the church, and was not over 40 years of age when he died. The window, however, is by no means symbolical of the special tastes or pursuits of him whose memory it preserves. The chance was certainly a good one of departing from the conventional symbolism of East windows, and of producing a window not only peculiar in its object, but in its appearance. Yet the oft-repeated subject of the Lord's supper is again repeated here, and no one who did not carefully read the Latin inscription, would suppose that this was the memorial window of a popular organist. Still it is well to see, that somewhere in the world, good organists are appreciated by somebody, for as a general thing an organist's task is a thankless one. In England, however, it is not nearly so bad as in America; for in the former country, the organist is master of his choir, and has only men and boys to deal with. No petted, spoiled lady singer to humor and coax, no bending to silly female caprice and whim, no requests to "make the soprano prominent," and to "play the alto loud." But on the other hand, American organists get better paid, many of the Cathedral organists of England, not receiving more, for daily duty, than 100 pounds sterling per annum, a sum which in America is often paid the mere Sunday players.

But I am wandering from the Chimes. At Lichfield they are very beautiful in still twilight, nor is there ever any undue excitement or noise in the town to interfere with them. Many of the English parish churches have also beautiful chimes, but they are heard to far greater perfection in Belgium, where chiming is an absolute mania.

Travel, in these days of quick transit, is very much like the changes of scenery in a spectacular play, and the whistle of the locomotive only reminds one of the whistle of the scene shifter; so let us suppose the scene changed to Belgium.

It is night, and we are in the upper room of a quaint, peaked, gable house, the front window looking on an old Hotel de Ville of the 14th century, and a row of peaked houses, one of which, once occupied by a king, is described in his history by Motley. The back window shows a jagged confusion of curious red tiled roofs, just beyond which shoots up in pale, creamy whiteness a rich tower, gradually losing itself in a still more elaborate spire, adorned with a profuseness of decoration, unknown in modern architecture. You might almost think that the structure was transparent, for as you look, you can plainly, through the delicate stone open work, see the stars in the sky beyond. In the dim light the soft whiteness of this spire—which seems to be built by giants, and then embroidered and adorned by fairies—looks like a mere phantasmagoria—an opium eater's dream—which may fade away the next minute.

As you gaze at it, suddenly, as clear and sharp as a Damascus blade, and yet as soft and grateful as a handful of dropping rose leaves, "falls on the listening ear of night" the music of the Chimes. At first you are content merely to enjoy sound; but soon the ear distinguishes a tune, and if you are an ultra-classicalist, great is your dismay and indignation, to discover that Verdi's influence is felt up in the old spire; for the chimes are playing the chorus, from "Lombardi,"

"Dio del tetto natio."

And a little later you can define the air of *Pagano*:

Oh! speranza di Vendetta
Gia sfavilli, nel mio core
Da tant' anni a me diletta
Altro voce non ascolto—no!

Five minutes elapse when an arpeggio chord is struck, and in another five minutes is repeated. Then the quarter of an hour gives a longer phrase, and at the half hour comes a passage from Gounod's "Faust," the "Lombardi" selection recurring at the next regular hour. In your sleep the chime music mingles strangely with your dreams, and this sweetest of all the voices of the night remains as your dearest memory of rich old Antwerp.

A locomotive whistle, a brief whirl, and the scene is changed.

It is another quaint old town, but the view is gay and lively, and the hour is not far from high noon. You are in a wide market place, with a rambling old City Hall, much addicted to pinnacles, and sadly given to gush out at the sides into superfluous wings and extensions. On the left peaked houses, likewise peaked houses on the right. On the other side a cathedral, the lower part thereof encrusted with little shops, (don't print it chops), like a ship's hull with barnacles: while at the end of the Cathedral is a grand square tower, as far as it goes, hardly inferior to that of Antwerp, but now without the spire which it once possessed. The sun is shining brightly, and the booths in the market place are guarded by a marble statue of Maria Theresa, who, bare-headed, looks as if she would give her kingdom for a loan of a parasol.

Just at the hour of noon the chimes in the tower strike up such a merry peal! It would never do to hear it by starlight, when only sentimental melodies are desired; but here in the broad day, and in the gay public street, the sparkling music of *Ah! non giunge* seems delightfully appropriate. So you think of Bosio, and Patti, and the other delightful singers you have heard in *Sonnambula*, and you wonder whether, after all, any opera could be advantageously substituted for Bellini's favorite. Then the Chimes, having by this time finished the air, start at it again with quite brilliant variations, and you listen with your head perched on one side, and your tongue ready to cry *brava! brava!*

To be sure a market woman, insensible to Bellini, deems this an opportune moment to offer you a cabbage and a half peck of carrots at reduced rates, and in replying in pantomimic negative, you lose quite a pretty roudade; yet notwithstanding this leguminous diversion from the main theme, you hear enough to ever retain this sight and sound as your happiest, brightest memory of Mechlin or Malines.

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